

A Family Affair: A Collection of Stories and Genealogy
From Mine and My Wife's Families

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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Abstract

This first part of my thesis consists of a collection of stories from my and my wife's families. These stories are told as I received them. They are inherently different in content, time, and purpose. They are important in helping me find out who my ancestors were, what they were like, and what they did.

The second part of my thesis is genealogy, researched by myself. First are pedigree (family tree) charts which show family members who are directly related to my wife and me. Next are family group sheets which show all information that I have (full name, birth date and place, marriage date and place, death date and place, spouse(s), children, etc.).

My wife's and my families are joined by us. We will eventually have children and add further to our family histories. This thesis unites our two families and binds them as one.

Introduction

People research their family histories for a number of different reasons. Some do research for fun or as a hobby; some to see if they are related to royalty; some for religious reasons; some to see if they can get named in a will; and some people even research other people's families for a living.

Whatever the reason, genealogies are researched and family histories are written. Some people enjoy feeling connected to their ancestors by finding out information about them. Stories from my forefathers' (or mothers) lives are of particular interest to me. These stories allow me to see that these people were people, and not just old photographs, names, and dates.

Our roots are forged deep within each of us. It's stimulating to know that you're of a "strong German heritage" or from a "proper English background." To know your roots is to know a part of yourself. After all, we are made up of our ancestors' genes. Have you ever had someone say to you, "You've got grandma Irene's nose," or "You've got grandpa Leo's chin?" We are made up of bits and pieces of our forefathers. A good measure of ourselves is left up to us to decide how we will be, but as for many of our characteristics, we're like our ancestors.

Thus, if we study about our ancestors, are we in turn studying ourselves? I believe we are in part. Each person is an individual and, therefore, has his or her own unique set of values, qualities, behaviors, and characteristics. But some of these can be

inherited. Some can even be learned by observation of our forbears.

However, some of the attributes that our ancestors displayed annoy us and can even lead to hatred of the action and/or the person themselves. A case in point is drinking. One could conceivably hate an ancestor because he or she was an alcoholic. This is sad because, even though the forefather or mother displayed a characteristic that we don't like, we must understand the times in which they lived, the circumstances surrounding his or her life, and the fact that they were human.

In this thesis I will attempt to get to know my, and my wife's, ancestors. I will share a number of stories, humorous, sad, and thrilling that I have obtained through research.

These stories are indeed treasures. If not written down they can easily become distorted or even forgotten. Consider the nearly untold number of precious stories that have been lost when someone has died without writing their own history, or keeping a journal. For instance, consider if one were to be a hero in a certain war. If he or she had never written the events down and had never told anyone, who could possibly know about it? If these little tid-bits of people's lives aren't recorded, they will die and with that death will go the hopes, dreams, and lives that were based on those experiences.

This thesis also has a much wider historical value. Several of my ancestors did exciting things: they fought in wars, including (but not limited to) the Revolutionary War, Civil War, World War I,

and World War II; immigrated to the United States from other countries; and pioneered lands westward. However, many more never had the opportunity for an exciting adventure. These people simply had to put up with the mundane everyday activities of life.

This is an interesting historical point. For every George Washington, Louis Pasteur, or Neal Armstrong, there are numerous individuals who are never in the spotlight. These people, by their everyday actions, are the very essence of our history. These people may not be kings of countries or generals of armies, but they are the very heart of our civilization. They are the common, everyday people.

Why do I want to write about the experiences of old, even dead people? Simple. I don't want my family history and family culture, if you will, to be lost forever. I want to preserve what I can of my family's history so I can pass this heritage on to the next generation of Anders boys and girls.

This thesis will not be a coherent narrative but rather a collection of loosely connected stories. Most stories will have no bearing on any story other than itself. Also, my wife's family's section will be shorter than my family's section. The reason for this is that I simply know more about my family than my wife's.

I have handpicked these stories. For some individuals, I had numerous stories, dates, and facts about their lives. However, for others, only a handful of stories and dates were found. The stories I have chosen are events that struck me as being important, humorous, or exciting. Thus, although in roughly chronological

order, they do not always connect logically. Rather, they are bits and pieces relevant to my heritage.

I will follow this basic format:

I. Main Body

A. My family's stories.

1. Name of person and relationship to me.
2. The story or stories of interest.

B. My wife's family's stories.

1. Name of person and relationship to her.
2. The story or stories of interest.

C. Conclusion.

II. Genealogy Research

A. My family's genealogy.

1. Pedigree charts.
2. Family group sheets.

B. My wife's family's genealogy.

1. Pedigree charts.
2. Family group sheets.

C. What I did to obtain information.

I hope you enjoy my family!

My Family

Anders: Son of Andrew, strong, manly.¹⁰

The name Anders came from Germany, Sweden, or Denmark. It was a first name that turned into a last name.²⁴

1. My family came from all over. On my dad's side, the Royal's originated in France; the Goodman's originated in Germany; and the Meadows' came from England but are thought to have come from Germany or the Netherlands before that.²² On my mom's side the Fearnot's came from Germany; others are thought to have come from Ireland.¹

2. Bonnie Lee (Murphy) Anders, my mom

Mom got to see Del Shannon, a rock singer who was her idol, in 1959. He was the singer of her all time favorite song "Runaway."

When mom was in about the sixth grade, in 1959, her dad got a scooter for the children to ride. But he said that if any of them wrecked it he'd get rid of it. One day mom's brother Steve was driving and she was on back. Steve hit some loose gravel and mom fell off, but instead of letting go, she hung on and was dragged for a long way. She came out of the incident with gravel imbedded in her knees and a torn skirt. Needless to say, her dad got rid of the scooter.

Because of her family's poor financial condition, they had to relocate numerous times in order for her father to find work. As a result she went to fifteen different schools before graduating from high school. When they lived in San Bernadino, California in

1960, their electricity got shut off. So they cooked flour tortillas, hushpuppies, and cornbread on a camping stove by the moonlight on the back porch. Since their water was also shut off, she would climb the school fence after hours and get water out of the fountain because the family was too ashamed and too proud to ask their neighbors for water all the time.

While in school, mom never took her lunches free, although free lunches were given to the poor children. She would always work in the cafeteria for her lunches. The cooks gave her extras to take home sometimes. Once they gave her the Christmas tree, so mom's family had a tree that year.

In 1971, when mom was pregnant with me, she purchased Dr. Spock's baby book. She didn't know why but whenever she'd open the book, every time, it would open up to the same page. She had it almost memorized. It was about pyloricstenosis and its symptoms. When I was born, I could hardly keep anything down and when I got home I still couldn't. She called the doctor, and he kept changing my formula to try to cure the problem. One day I was in my crib, vomited, and hit the other side of the room (12 feet wide). She called the doctor and insisted that I was displaying all the symptoms of pyloricstenosis. The doctor told her that she was simply an anxious new mother and that he had never even seen a case of that before. None of his treatments would work, so mom took me into the hospital to be x-rayed. The doctor said it was not necessary but did it anyway. I did have pyloricstenosis and had surgery for it when I was four weeks old.

One day, in 1974, when my family lived in Australia, mom and I went to get some pop at the milk bar to go with a pizza. As we were walking home, we heard, from across the street, "What's the matter, are you chicken? Are you scared I'm going to kill you." Looking up we saw a drunk man standing on the steps to his house waving a shotgun at us. There was a car in between us, but it hastily sped away. The man at the milk bar locked the door and hit the floor. The man kept taunting us so we walked very fast (mom got between him and me) out of there.,

Mom is a compassionate and helpful person. She also has an excellent singing voice and is a good artist. She is currently a nurse's aide in a hospital.

3. Charles Alan Anders, my dad

One evening when dad was eight or nine years old, about 1952-1953, he was making some noise during his father's favorite television program. Grandpa got up and kicked his butt (literally) and threw him outdoors and said don't come back. It was deep winter and bitterly cold. Dad didn't have a coat on, so he went to the barn. He started picking at a pillow in the barn, thinking that he could warm his hands with it, and found that it was stuffed with an old pair of heavy pajamas. Dad put them on in a hurry and put the pillowcase on his head. To get even with his dad, he devised a plan, which he carried out, in which he put a board over a rafter and over the exhaust pipe of the tractor and balanced a brick on the board over the seat of the tractor. When grandpa

would turn on the tractor, the exhaust pipe would propel the board up and the brick would come down on his head. After several hours, grandpa left and grandma came out to check on dad. She saw the brick and wasn't happy about that. She was also concerned that he had gotten lice from the old pajamas.

Dad had a sort of business when he was in high school in the early 1960's. He'd mow 10 yards a week in the summer time. All year round he'd get the tractor and wagon and haul people's trash and ashes and dump it in a ditch or ravine. He bought all of his own clothes and school supplies. During his senior year in high school he put out his own soybean crop. He rented the land (six acres), plowed, disked, planted, and cultivated it himself. He hired a worker to harvest the crop and earned enough money for his senior pictures, cap and gown, some clothes, and gas.

On Halloween in about 1961 dad and a friend were out soaping windows and turning over privies. They came upon a revival in a church and the soaped all of the windows of every car in the parking lot. Then they hid in a ditch to watch the people's reactions. One reaction was negative, because a guy was trying to find them with a spotlight. They took off into a field. The owner of that field had just put up a wire fence that day and dad, who was ahead of the other boy, hit that fence going full force and flipped over it. The farmer's wife came out and said they were calling the police, but the boys took off anyway. Dad was all scratched up and had to go to the chiropractor for his neck.

One summer day when dad was in high school, about 1962, it had

rained a great deal. The nearby creek was way up and was rushing very fast. Dad and some friends went down to the bridge in their swimming trunks. He got an idea to hold on to the bridge with his hands and let the water go over his body. He did this and his trunks started to come down. Just then a neighborhood girl walked up, and dad, embarrassed, let go. He nearly died going down that creek. He banged his head on the bottom, got all scratched up, and went about a quarter of a mile downstream. Of course, he walked back with a smile on his face and said it was fun so he wouldn't look stupid.

Dad tried out for the basketball team from his fifth grade, 1954-1955, to his senior year in high school, 1963-1964, and made it every year. But his dad would always make him quit. Dad's junior year he defied his dad and said he'd walk four miles every day home from practice. He also had to walk to and from games. Dad was also the manager of the football team for two years in high school.

When dad was in high school, about 1964, he had 40 silver dollars from the 1800's that his uncles and aunts had given him. The senior prom was coming up and dad wanted a sport jacket to wear to it. His dad wouldn't give him any money to buy it, so he had to trade in his silver dollars and buy the jacket. Of course he didn't know then, but today those silver dollars would be worth a good amount of money.

Dad was Salutatorian of his high school class in 1964 and won the History award his senior year. He was in line for every award

and was close to valedictorian but didn't apply himself because it wasn't cool to be a "brain." He didn't even know he was Salutatorian until the week before graduation. He went to Indiana University and graduated in 1972, in five calendar years, with distinction. He is currently an elementary school teacher.

In 1975 dad cleared \$99 a week as a teacher. He would take my brother and me pop bottle hunting along the road and with the money from the pop bottles that we found we'd buy candy. We were too poor then to have any other money for candy.₂

4. Charles Alan and Bonnie Lee (Murphy) Anders, My Parents

On March 5, 1962, my parents met. Dad took another girl to the roller skating rink that night. The girl he took kept going off with other girls to the bathroom and giggling, so he went and started skating with another girl, my mom. The romance clicked and he took her home. He says he still doesn't know how the other girl got home. They were both 14 years old.

That same year my parents had their first date. My dad's dad dropped Dad off and he walked to mom's family's house. Dad had to ask mom's dad if he could take her out before the date could proceed. They then walked to the movies, in Linton, Indiana, saw "The Horror of the Black Museum," and got one popcorn. Afterward he played her favorite song on the jukebox while they sipped two chocolate sodas. Later they were walking and she said that she was getting her mom's shoes muddy. He then said that he was trying to get up the nerve to kiss her and she said OK. They kissed and then

he walked her to her house.

On March 12, 1965, an interesting thing happened. Dad had been telling mom that he was going to get her an engagement ring. The guys at the shop, Sarkes Tarzian in Bloomington, Indiana, where dad worked said that he should make it a surprise. So, he told her that he'd had car trouble and he wouldn't be able to get her a ring at that time. Two days before mom's birthday he came over to Bloomfield, Indiana and gave her a gift. It was a small, strangely shaped, plastic box. She struggled to open it but failed. Thinking the present to be a battery powered shaver, because of the box's unusual shape, she said "oh thank you, I always wanted one." Dad was mad now and was getting red. Grandma Bonnie, who was also there, was dying laughing and helped mom open the box.

In 1965 my parents eloped to Illinois to get married because neither they nor their parents could afford a wedding; they only had \$57. They were both 18 years old and, according to them, were quite naive. Dad wore a yellow shirt, his favorite one then, to get married in and his mom had a fit when she heard that he got married in a yellow shirt.₂

When my parents went to the hotel, after they had just been married, dad thought that you had to prove that you were married to stay in a hotel with someone of the opposite sex. So he took their marriage license up to the check in desk and showed it to the clerk.

On my parents' first anniversary, in 1966, mom said that dad had never really properly proposed to her. Dad was sitting on the

couch and he promptly dropped down onto one knee which landed on her big toe and smashed it so much that she had to lose her toenail. She later asked him to "please never propose to me again."

In April 1974, when my brother and I were small, my parents decided to go canoeing and take the whole family. As we were going down the river, our canoe tipped over. Our food and gear went all over everywhere. Dad grabbed Dave, my brother, with one hand and the canoe with the other. Mom had her shoes off when the canoe tipped over and broke three or four toes trying to get to me because I was floating down the river saying, "I'm drowned, I'm drowned." She got me.

5. Charles Howard Anders, my paternal grandfather

He was an average student but was very good in math. He could figure the area of a corn crib or of a truck bed with no problem.

In about 1930 he was a senior in high school but dropped out to support his family because his father had died. He was a farmer for many years but farmed by manual labor. He wasn't scientific about farming at all. Later he owned a small grocery store for several years that also had gasoline pumps. However, it went out of business because he gave out lots of credit, and few people could pay him back. Then my dad got him a job as a janitor at GE, and he worked there until he got a pension.

He never gambled because when he first went to work, about 1930, he had a bad experience. He got his paycheck and was walking

home by the old mill and some guys got him to play cards and gamble with his check. He lost his entire check--badly needed money.

For a number of years, every day grandpa would go to Red Sligar's coffee shop in Dugger, Indiana, order a cup of coffee, and nurse it for an hour. After his wife died, he'd go to the tavern for one beer, just to have someone to talk to. Sometimes he'd get so lonely that he'd sleep in the neighbor's porch swing just to have someone near him. Once he had to be hospitalized because of sickness resulting from sleeping on the neighbor's porch swing in the cold.

He didn't believe in banks because he was shorted once in a bank. When he retired, in Dugger, Indiana, he had \$20,000 in his safe and would periodically draw from it. He never paid income taxes because he didn't believe he should have to and never accepted one cent of welfare, because he was too proud. He drove an average of 20 mph, always on back roads, because he didn't have a license or insurance for most of his life.

He was so unreligious that, often, when the blessing on the food was said he would put the flower pot in front of someone, or completely fill up someone's plate with beans.₂

6. Ruby Louise (Goodman) Anders, my paternal grandmother

She was very thin and pretty. She was also quite smart. In fact, she was an author. In about 1975 she wrote two books of poems that were published and had several articles published in newspapers and magazines. From about 1960-1975 she also published

a newspaper column called, "Gems of Thought by Afton McKay" for The Dugger Post, a small town Indiana paper. She was also an excellent storyteller.

She often kept things from her husband. If one of the their children had done something wrong, she would often not tell him because he would overreact. If she wanted to do some activity, she would often sneak and do it and not tell him about it at all.

She taught Sunday School for 22 years at The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Linton, Indiana, and was a good teacher. She was very religious.

She worked in a girdle factory in Gosard, Indiana, from about 1955 to 1960. She also kept an immaculately clean house in Dugger, Indiana and was a very good cook. She mothered people and showed people that she loved them. She was always very conscious of what the neighbors would think.₂

7. Walter Roy Murphy, my maternal grandfather

He was a medic in World War II but was sick with hepatitis much of the time. He was a good prizefighter, and his unit wanted him to box for the camp. He declined saying, "When you put gloves on, you get serious."₁₂

He is very strong, especially his arms. He usually wants to play "mercy" with me when I see him. Don't ever do it! You'll pull back two stumps, instead of hands.

He is an avid outdoorsman. He enjoys hunting, fishing, and the like.

He is a person who constantly is trying to "get rich quick." He moved all over the country with his family in search of that job that would make him rich. He never found it. He currently sells Amway products.

8. Barbara Maxine (Corbin) Murphy, my maternal grandmother

When she was sixteen, in about 1946, she had her first real date. The date was with the man she married. She had first seen him when he was at his home cutting the grass, but she actually met him at his friend's mother's funeral. She was 16 and he was 20. Their favorite date was to go to the movies, in Greene or Lawrence Counties, and then get a sandwich or root beer afterwards. He asked her to marry him when they were on their way home from the movies, in his car. Her first response was, "yes."

She was a housewife for many years and then finally went to work as a cook at Indiana University in November 1974. She retired in about 1989.

She quit high school when young. In her later years she regretted it and desired to have a high school diploma. She worked very hard and eventually got her GED in 1990. It was a proud and happy moment for her and the rest of the family.

She was very religious and went to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Linton, Indiana, every Sunday. She also had many different responsibilities, such as teaching, within her church.

She, my aunt Irene (grandma's daughter), and uncle Gib were

killed in a car accident on December 23, 1990. There had been a big ice storm, along with some snow the night before. They had set out to go to the family Christmas party in Bloomington, Indiana. As they were proceeding, another car, coming the other way, came into their lane and hit them head on. They all three died. Aunt Irene and Uncle Gib's boy, Cory, was also in the wreck. He was hurt a little and spent some time in Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis. He is currently my brother since my parents are now his guardians.

9. Claude Ezra Corbin, Jr., my maternal great uncle

He won a bronze star for bravery in World War II, during the Battle of Guadalcanal, August 7, 1942-February 9, 1943. Here is his bronze star story: There were several men wounded in a Japanese Bonsai attack on Guadalcanal Island. Two tanks just froze, in the middle of the battle, and wouldn't get out of the way or fire. He and some others crawled in a ditch and up to a levee with trees. They worked their way through the trees like Indians and gave the wounded morphine, bandaged them, and put sandbags around them until they could get them out. Then he climbed up in a tree, got in a hole in it, and hid.

He met John F. Kennedy when Kennedy was a young lieutenant with PT 109 while in World War II. A buddy of Claude's had gone to college with JFK and introduced them. Also, Claude's unit stored the alcohol on the island of Talogi for the torpedoes JFK's PT boat used when he went out on raids. They'd carry it onto his boat when

he needed it.⁴

10. Bonnie (Burch) (Corbin) Brandon, my maternal great grandmother

When she was a child, about 1914-1916, one of the most memorable events was a visit from Mormon missionaries. The Burch family lived in Greene County, Indiana, four miles from the railroad depot. The missionaries would come in on "Old Nellie," the train, and would walk to the family's house. Bonnie's mother would always give them the best they had to offer, and the missionaries would always appreciate the hospitality. These missionaries would stay a few days. Bonnie says that she enjoyed the discussions and also hearing about their families, how they were brought up, and their experiences.

In around 1919, when she was 15, the event that scared her most in her life occurred. She had walked with a girl friend to an ice cream supper, also in Greene County about four miles from home. They were playing drop the handkerchief when a cousin of hers, Orval, who had just bought a new Model T Ford touring car, ran through the ring to show it off. In the scramble to get out of the way, Bonnie was knocked down and the boy ran over her with the front wheel of the car. No damage was done though, except a button was torn off of her cape.³

She initially met her first husband at Old Clifty Church in Greene County one Sunday afternoon in about 1919. She said that he was dressed in a new pair of overalls and a light striped shirt. She was 14 and he was 16. Her first real date was with him when

she was 16. They were at church, and he walked all the way home with her (2 1/2 miles); then he had to walk all the way back to his house. They would go on dates only to church or to each other's homes, and they would only date on weekends. She said that he was quiet but that he treated her like a lady. He also got jealous once, and they parted for about six months over the argument. He asked her to marry him as they were coming home from church. They stopped to rest at an old fence, the crowd had gone on ahead, and he asked. Her first answer was that it was a serious step to take and that she needed a little time to think about it. She finally accepted.,

11. Lula Belle Shupe, my paternal great grandmother

She was very plain, chunky (not fat), and about five feet tall. She was cantankerous, fiercely independent, opinionated, and played favorites. Because she had problems getting along with people, she wouldn't go to church. She was also very conscious of what the neighbors would think.

She was from Virginia and chewed tobacco. Her Indiana husband, Walter, didn't want her to chew anymore but she still did. Once, in about 1912-1915, he caught her chewing and she swallowed the chaw, subsequently getting sick, in order not to get in trouble with her husband.

She drove a car one time when her husband was trying to teach her to drive. They ended up on top of a fence.

She didn't work and wouldn't accept welfare (too proud). She

sold 83 or 84 acres, in Dugger, Indiana, for \$200 an acre, in the 1950's or 1960's. She had inherited this land from her husband when he died. The people who bought the land sold it a few years later to a coal company for \$500,000.

She would cry when people gave her presents because she didn't like them and would say things like, "Why did you get me that?" She always lost her keys; every time she went anywhere she'd be late because she'd have to look for her keys. When my dad was a boy, he gave her a big orange puffy key ring so she wouldn't lose her keys, and she really loved it.

She was extremely prejudiced against blacks. If she was walking down the street and saw a black person on the same side as her, she'd cross the road and walk on the other side. If she was in a store and a black person came in, she'd leave immediately.₂

12. Walter Columbus Anders, my paternal great grandfather

He was a cattle man for years. He was actually fairly well to do in the late 1800's-early 1900's. His family had a nice big house. One day a fire destroyed most of their possessions. Then he opened a small grocery store in Dugger, Indiana. He was also a coal miner for a while and died from black lung disease.₂

13. William Lester Royal, my paternal great-great uncle

He died of influenza during World War I in about 1918. He was with Company D 59th regiment and is buried in Jackson Township, Greene County, Indiana.₂₃

14. Augustine Burch, my maternal great-great grandfather

He once killed a mad dog. Before the Pasteur treatment, a rabid dog had bitten all of the hogs on his farm, and they all went mad. One day this mad dog somehow got into the family house. Everyone got up on something high, and the family dog got under a bed. The mad dog went outside, and Augustine went after it with an old muzzle loading rifle. He also took a stick along because he didn't have confidence in the gun. He fired at the dog and missed, but he killed it with the stick.²⁵

15. Dora Belle (Cullison) Burch, my maternal great-great grandmother

In the late 1800's or early 1900's she stuck her hand into the chicken coop, probably in Greene County, Indiana, to get some eggs out and was bitten by a rattlesnake.,

16. Jacob Cullison, my maternal great-great-great grandfather

When he was young, his parents moved from Ohio to live among the Indians in Michigan. Later they moved to southern Indiana near the sinks of Bridge Creek where they built a cabin and he grew to adulthood.

Jacob and his wife Mary bought 80 acres of poor, stony clay land in Illinois in about 1858-1860. On this land he built a two story log house daubed with lime, which was far superior to neighboring houses which were daubed with clay. The house even had a fireplace and chimney made of stone instead of mud and stick.

With the nearest highway, a dirt road, three-fourths of a mile away, Jacob cut a trail through the woods to it for access. He was also a farmer.

Jacob and three of his brothers all fought in the Civil War for the North. Marshall, one of Jacob's brothers, was killed in action. Jacob joined the army in 1860, leaving a wife and one child (another child was born while he was away fighting). First he went to Louisville, Kentucky, for some training. He wrote often, and based on his letters home, he was apparently homesick and lonely. Jacob went through a number of battles uninjured. Then came the battle of Lookout Mountain in Tennessee in 1863. He was run over by a runaway mule team, an unheroic injury. He never fully recovered from the injury and finally died as an indirect result of it. He came home on sick leave and his wife Mary took care of his wounds. He got well enough to rejoin his regiment and was with it to the end of the war. He won no medals or promotions, but he did his part.

17. Mary (Fearnot) Cullison, my maternal great-great-great grandmother

She was courageous, patient, even tempered, and uncomplaining. She was also pretty and full of dreams.

She was the daughter of German immigrants who had come to the United States in search of a better life and were grateful to have found it. Mary's family moved to southern Indiana while she was still fairly young.

Her husband, Jacob, went to fight in the Civil War, leaving her with children to tend to, food to find and cook, and clothes to make. She moved to Indiana from Illinois to be with her family for awhile.

When her husband came home from the Civil War wounded, she patiently cared for his wounds. While he was healing at home, the Knights of the Golden Circle, also called Butternuts, were rumored to be in the area. One day word came that the Butternuts were plotting to kill all the sick soldiers in the area. Mary was calm but made an excuse to see that the muzzle loader was in good condition and that bullets and the powder horn were handy. She had her plans but she never said what they were. The Butternuts didn't show up but were kept busy helping Morgan's raiders, confederate guerrillas, who had crossed the Ohio river from the Kentucky side.

After her husband died, she lived over thirty years in loyal widowhood.⁵

18. Sarah Ann (Sexton) Royal, my paternal great-great-great grandmother

Her grandfather was from Holland.²³

19. Mariam Mahala (Johnson) Burch, my maternal great-great-great grandmother

She and her family lived on a farm in Greene County, Indiana in the mid-late 1800's. She once killed a bear. The family kept milk in the spring to keep it cool. One day she went there to

churn butter and discovered a bear near the creek. She killed the bear with her heavy churn dash.²⁵

20. John Meadows, my paternal great-great-great-great grandfather

In the early 1800's, a man who lived in Brown County, Indiana, owed John some money, and John decided to collect. He started to the man's house but came back and told Keziah, his wife, to take good care of his sow and pigs. He reached his destination but died suddenly and rather mysteriously. Some time after his death, his parents heard he was dead. Because of weather, the roads were bad and they were unable to travel. The people around where John had died buried him "close to a road" they said. John's parents went to get his body as soon as they could travel. However, in getting John's estate settled the family didn't get to Brown County for some time. Later he was buried in the Terrell Cemetery in Brown County at the sixteenth corner.²³

21. Susan (Hall) Horn, my paternal great-great-great-great-great grandmother

Her daughter, Keziah Jane (Horn) Meadows, said that her mother came over from England, leaving her family. The last time Susan ever saw her parents, they were waving goodbye as the ship left port. The ship had been on its way for several days when a storm came up, and the ship headed back to England. The passengers could see the shore but the officers would not dock. If they had, she said that she never would have left home again.²³

22. William Meadows, my paternal great-great-great-great uncle

In the aftermath of the Revolutionary War, there were militias still drilling. William was a lieutenant with the 17th regiment (Clark County, Kentucky) in 1808 and possibly other years as well. He may have also been in the 78th regiment, which was organized in Estill County, Kentucky. Since many of the troops had no arms and often used cornstalks in place of guns for drilling, the state militia became known as the "cornstalk militia."²³

23. Joseph Royal, my paternal great-great-great-great grandfather

Captain Joseph Royal (or Royle), a merchant seaman, was shipwrecked on the Carolina coast and remained in the colonies, probably in the early 1800's. He probably died before his sons came to Indiana.²³

24. Nancy (Hayes) Royal, my paternal great-great-great-great grandmother

She had beautiful red hair, which many of her descendants have inherited.²³

25. Jacob Goodman, my paternal great-great-great-great-great grandfather

Pension records show he was living in Monroe County, Kentucky in 1832. Revolutionary War records show he enlisted in Meckelburg, N.C. An application for pension dated 3 Sept 1832 indicates that he was 70 years old on the 2nd of May that year.²³

26. Barbara (Green) Meadows, my paternal great-great-great-great-great grandmother

She was illiterate and had no record of her marriage or of the age of her oldest child. At age 88 or 89, her memory was quite frail when she applied for a pension based on her husband's service in the Revolutionary War. She originally said that she was married to him in 1778 or 1779 (knowing that they were married at the time he went to war), but being illiterate she was confused. Finally the mess was straightened out and she was paid \$80 per annum for the pension.²³

An 1845 will book from Estill County, Kentucky, provides additional information about Barbara:

"a true and just inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of Barbara Meadows dec'd which was produced to us by John Newton, administrator: Cash on hand 52.37 1/2-one cow 10.00-two kettles 2.25-two skillets .37 1/2-one fat tub .50-one piggen .25-one chair .25-one coffee pot .06 1/2-one tin bucket .12 1/2-one candle stick .12 1/2-one pair candle molds .12 1/2-one flat iron .12 1/2-one bed sted and cord 2.00-one bed 3.00-two cover lids 6.00-one quilt .75-one counterpin .50-one hoe and skillet .25- one flesh fork and tong .12 1/2-two shirts .75-3 plates .12-one tin bucket-one coffee mill-two tea cups-one glass tumbler-one cannister-one table cloth-one little wheel-five chickens".²³

27. Isreal Meadows, my paternal great-great-great-great-great grandfather

He was a private in the Virginia line in the Revolutionary War. His wife, Barbara, lived in the home of Joseph Goodwin before married. Joseph recalled that Isreal was a Quartermaster or Forage Master in the War. Isreal enlisted at Sweet Springs, Virginia, in July 1776 and was discharged in August 1778. He was under Captain

Arbuckle, who belonged to the Col. Charles Lewis regiment. Barbara, Isreal's wife, said that after their marriage, he marched with Captain Arbuckle's company from the county of Greenbrier Virginia, to a place called "the point" at the mouth of the Bay Kenahaway, Virginia. Isreal was stationed there until his time of enlistment expired. She remembered that while her husband was at "the point," she made him some clothes and sent them by one Gordon Griffin (probably a neighbor), who had enlisted in Greenbrier also.²³

My Wife's Family

Stenger (my wife's maiden name): It is occupational in heritage, meaning maker of bars (like metal bars). The name is of German origin.²⁴

1. With the exception of one set of great grandparents from England, my wife's family is all from Germany.

2. Ronald Keith Stenger, my wife's father

When Ron had the mumps, sometime around 1940, he was only two. One day he was sitting at the table of his parent's house near Brookville, Indiana, with his neck all swollen up and with tears running down his cheeks. He said, "Daddy, both of my necks hurt."

Later, in 1941 or 1942, when Ron was three or four he was sitting on the front porch. A hobo walked by, and Ron was so scared that he wanted to run into the back of the house. But he couldn't move his legs until the hobo passed.¹⁸

Ron was bitten behind his knee by a tick with Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever between 1947-1949. His whole knee swelled up, and he couldn't walk correctly. He brought his swollen knee to the attention of his parents, who took him to the doctor. The doctor diagnosed it and then cut the infected area out. Special medicine had to be flown in from St. Louis for him.

He couldn't play basketball when he was in high school, about 1953 or 1954, because he had scoliosis, or curvature of the spine. Later he had to be put in a plaster of paris trunk cast for three to six months because of the condition.²¹

3. Alice Marie (Scheele) Stenger, my wife's mother

Between 1942-1944 in Oldenburg, Indiana, when she was small, her parents would stick her out in her sandbox, which was around a crabapple tree, and she would have to play under there all day long. She would just make mud pies and play with tin cans.

Since her family was poor, they would make many of their gifts themselves. Her parents would go to the dump two or three times a year and get stuff. They would then re-do it for themselves or for gifts. Once her mom found the head of a boy doll, took it, and made the body for it, complete with overalls. She even made a little carriage with wheels by bending some metal.

When Alice was small, her brothers used to pull her arm to get her to "come on." They would inadvertently pull it out of its socket, and their mom would have to move it back into place.

Her mom used to make all of their clothes without any pattern and would re-do old shoes for them too. Sometimes friends or relatives would give old clothes to them and her mom would re-do them. Alice used to wear feedsack clothing, like dresses. Other children would make fun of her because she didn't have storebought clothes, and she would go in the bathroom to cry.

From about 1954-1955, she played girls basketball for two years at her high school, Immaculate Conception Academy (ICA), in Oldenburg, Indiana. She was just a substitute the first year, but the second year she played a great deal. She also had musical talent, but her family was too poor to afford piano lessons for her.

Between 1959-1960, Alice and Ron Stenger met at Western-Southern Insurance Company in Cincinnati, Ohio, where they both worked at the time. They'd seen one another at a coon hunter's lodge dance. She was a bookkeeper, and he got a job near her in the same department of the company. He asked the auditor if he could check her work one day. Since it was her birthday, he had put a birthday card and a note on the clipboard she had to sign. They went out that night to a movie and then to a restaurant.

Sometime in 1960-1961, Ron proposed to Alice in his car. He actually pulled over to the side of the road and knelt down in the car while they were on their way home from a date. She didn't answer right away. He said that if she married him, he'd help with the dishes every night.¹⁷

4. Clara Amelia (Simmermeyer) Scheele, my wife's maternal grandmother

Sometime in 1906-1907, when she was four or five years old, Clara wanted to get a drink of water from the open well near her family's home in Oldenburg, Indiana. Her brothers and sisters told her mom about it. Just as she was bending over to get into the well, she fell, but her mom arrived in time to catch her.

She was (and still is) smart. She always got straight A's in school and was always first or second in her class. She also skipped some lessons because she was advanced (particular lessons skipped are not known).

She and her husband met sometime between 1918-1920 when the

neighbors would get together to thrash corn. Obviously, her husband was a neighbor. For dates, they would sit and talk or play cards at one of their homes; they never went to movies.

She is very imaginative and creative. She used to make all of her children's clothes, hats, toys, and even used to re-do old shoes.¹⁴

5. Arthur Peter Stenger, my wife's paternal grandfather

Whenever his parents wanted to talk about something they didn't want the children to hear, they'd talk in German, since they were of German stock. After a while Arthur figured out what they were talking about.

In 1914, when he was about seven years old, he actually rocked his wife when she was a baby. They knew each other all of their lives because their families lived near one another in Franklin County, Indiana. On their first date, in about 1928, they played the piano in his family's parlor (her folks had come over); then he asked her to go to a movie. When he was going to ask her to marry him, he asked her parents first and then asked her if he could give her a diamond ring.

In about 1920, when he was in the seventh grade, he was a very good speller and would almost always get all of the words right. The students and even the teacher would accuse him of cheating. So, in order not to get accused, he would miss a word on purpose once in a while.

In about 1922-1923, he went to high school for two years.

(Incidentally, he helped build that schoolhouse with his own hands in the early 1920's.) When asked why he was quitting school he said, "You're not teaching me what I want to know." He didn't like the four year Latin requirement.

In the 1920's and 30's, when he was young, he had to put kerosene in with gas into the car because gas was so scarce.

When he was born, in 1907, the doctor asked his mom what he'd be called, and she said Jake, Jr. (but was just joking). The doctor put that name on his birth certificate. During World War II when he was in his 30's, his factory manufactured military equipment, and he had to prove he was a U.S. citizen by showing his superiors his birth certificate. He went to the courthouse and couldn't find it because it was under a different name. Finally, the problem was figured out, and his parents had to go to the courthouse with him and change his name.

Out of necessity he would go squirrel or coon hunting sometimes. He also was an avid fisherman. When he was young he used to go fox hunting in the winter and would sell the hide to buy shells and claybirds. He and his friends would practice shooting the claybirds. He got to be a good shot and could even hit a mark in the dark.¹⁸

6. Gleda Naomi (Watler) Stenger, my wife's paternal grandmother

She said that her parents were kind, intelligent, had lots of common sense, and were easy to get along with.

When she first went to Brookville High School, in Brookville,

Indiana in about 1928, her mom made her a heavy coat. When she was young, she felt lucky if she got one Christmas present because her family was so poor.

For a long time, her family didn't have a radio. Their first one was a "crystal" type which they got in the early-mid 1920's. After she and her husband, Arthur, were married, they got a battery powered radio in the early 1930's. However, they were too poor to afford the batteries. So on Saturday night their treat was for him to take the battery off of the car and hook it up to the radio so they could listen to it.

Arthur smoked then, and Gleda would win him cartons of cigarettes by sending her guess for next week's top 10 songs to a radio station contest. She won a number of times.²⁰

7. John Simmermeyer, my wife's maternal great grandfather

John was a barrel maker, a broom maker, a farmer, and fixed wagons and chairs. He would play the organ while two of his brothers would play the violin, and they would sing in German. They would talk in German too, and his daughter, Clara, did so as well when she was little.

Those who knew John described him as bright, nice, and helpful to others. He had a long, soft, white beard and always kept it nice and clean. Between 1953 and 1954, when he was 92, his hip broke while he was standing and caused him to fall.¹⁴

8. Franceska (Schrack) Simmermeyer, my wife's maternal great

grandmother

Franceska did domestic work in Cincinnati (cooking and cleaning). She said that if she'd get \$3 a week she was doing good.¹⁴

9. Adam Stenger, my wife's paternal great-great grandfather

He came to America from Germany with his parents in 1841 when he was one and a half years old.

He owned a shoemaking and repair shop in Southgate, Indiana. Later he also made harnesses for horses. From 1842 to 1846, Adam was township trustee. He was Southgate postmaster for 37 years, beginning in 1878. He was also treasurer of the Highland Fire Insurance Company for a number of years. He held many positions of responsibility and was highly trusted. Eventually, he and his wife obtained a considerable amount of material goods, earned through hard work and patience.

He was a member of St. Joseph Catholic Church at St. Leon, Indiana. He was a man of high moral integrity and was highly regarded in the community.⁷

He continually smoked a clay pipe from morning till night. His pipe would get so hot that when he set it down on the wood bench, the wood would smoke. He got cancer of the mouth, and when he went to the hospital he had a big lump or growth on or in his chin or lower mouth. He had it cut off (and possibly even part of his bone). The surgery made a hole between his chin and his bottom lip, and when he'd drink the liquid would leak out.¹⁸ He eventually

died of cancer of the mouth on January 14, 1922 in St. Leon.⁶

10. Mary Francisca (Willmann) Stenger, my wife's paternal great-great grandmother

Her parents were from Germany. Her father was a farmer and clockmaker, a trade he learned in Swarzwaldt, Baden, Germany.

Mary and Adam married in Cincinnati, Ohio. She had made her own living there since the age of 12. At one time she also scrubbed floors in a hotel in Harrison, Ohio. Apparently her knees would really become sore from the board floors.⁷

11. Joannis "John P." Schuck, my wife's paternal great-great grandfather

He was born in Germany and came to America with his parents in May 1843.¹⁶

He enrolled for three years as a private in Company B 52nd regiment of Indiana Volunteers (Union) on 18 December 1861 at Lawrenceville, Indiana. He was in the infantry during the Civil War.¹⁹

During the war, he had a friend who was a cook. One day the cook wanted to change jobs with John and they did so because in those days they didn't have officers telling them what to do all of the time. That same day the cook was killed in battle.¹⁸

At some point, Joannis was probably wounded in his stomach. In later years he was known to have complained of his stomach frequently, took great care in what he ate, was subject to

diarrhea, and had to take patent medicines for his ailment. He also could never do more than "half of a man's labor" and would have to stop many times while he was working because of his sickness. He spent some months during the war in a regimental hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. He was also sick when he came home from the war.¹⁵

At enlistment date he described himself as: Height 5'5 1/2", light complexion, blue eyes, light hair, occupation carpenter.¹⁹

He actually had no middle name or initial at birth. Apparently, he later took the "P." as his middle initial to distinguish his records from those of people with similar names. The "P." stood for pension.¹¹

12. Mr. Wood and Elizabeth, my wife's paternal great-great grandparents

They came to America from England and went to Missouri hunting gold. The husband and a baby boy contracted malaria in Missouri and died. She brought the other children back to Indiana and put them in a children's home because she couldn't take care of them.²⁰

13. John Valentine Watler, my wife's paternal great-great grandfather

He came to America when he was 14 in around 1853. He enlisted in the Civil War on the September 22, 1864, was a member of company A, 35th regiment of Indiana Volunteers, and was honorably discharged on July 3, 1865.

He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and held several offices in this military order during his lifetime. For many years he was an attendant and member of the Holy Catholic Church.¹³

14. Joseph Schrank, my wife's great-great grandfather

He had to walk with two canes near the end of his life. He probably had arthritis or "rheumatism".¹⁴

15. Edward Frank Stenger, my wife's great-great uncle

He had sound judgment, energy, and ambition. He would continue to work in the face of discouragement. He was widely known and respected in Franklin County, Indiana. From the age of 12, he worked on his parents' farm

For about five years he worked in Bossert and Feckerman's store. In 1900, he was elected county recorder on the Democratic ticket. In fact, he carried the county with such a majority that after the convention, he had no opposition. He served for four years, was reelected, and served another four years. His term was legislatively extended until January 1, 1909. During the time Edward was recorder of Franklin County, he was secretary of the Democratic County Committee from 1902 to 1904, and was County Chairman of the Democratic County Central Committee from 1904 to 1906. Before 1902, he had served as precinct committee man in Brookville and was an active worker in the party organization. When his terms as recorder were over, he opened a law office and

practiced law in Brookville until 1911. From 1909 to 1911, he was also deputy prosecuting attorney for the 37th Indiana Judicial District. In 1911, Edward was appointed to the position of chief clerk of the board of tax commissioners of the state of Indiana. He was apparently quite efficient in this position. His office was in Indianapolis at the capital building.7

16. Franz "Francis" Xavier Stenger, my wife's great-great-great grandfather

Franz, his wife, and four small children left Germany on June 30, 1841, and arrived in Baltimore on September 13, 1841. He became a citizen on October 9, 1848.

He bought a house and farm in 1848. He had learned the trade of making shoes in Germany. After coming to America, he established the first shoe making shop in St. Leon, Dearborn County, Indiana. For one month, before establishing his shop, he went to Dover, Dearborn County, Indiana, to learn the art of pegging shoes.

He had arrived in St. Leon with only \$5.00, which he used to buy flour for his family. During the month he worked in Dover, he earned \$9. Afterward he opened his own shop in St. Leon, which eventually grew to respectable proportions. He was about 75 when he retired, and the business was sold to his son Christoph for \$5000.7

Conclusion

Sometimes thinking of one's parents, grandparents, or great grandparents as teenagers is mind blowing. They did date, go to college, and fight in wars. Stories from their pasts can sometimes bring their memories to life and even make them seem much more "human."

For hundreds of years people all over the world lived off the land. Many were farmers. They raised their own food, made their own clothes, and had few, if any, conveniences with which to work. They did things by sheer perseverance, strength, and hard work.

They were bound to their land. If they wanted to go anywhere, they had to go by horse and wagon or by foot. Travelling was difficult and uncomfortable. Twenty five to thirty miles a day was about as far as they could go on a trip. Many died on or near the place where they were born.

There were no television sets, radios, microwaves, airplanes, cars, lightbulbs, or computers for them to use. They had a hard life. The "long and hard" way was the only way they knew.

Today we are more fortunate. We have many conveniences that make our lives easier and less complicated. We can fly to other countries in less than one day, use computers (as I am right now) to produce documents, and use credit cards to purchase Nintendo's.

Education is more readily available. Many Americans can read better, write better, do math more quickly, and speak better English. There are numerous opportunities for all classes of

people to rise above their station. This wasn't always true in earlier generations.

Unfortunately, however, with progress comes problems. Crime is running wild. Neighbors often don't even know one another's names. Drugs are virtually everywhere. Violence, hatred, and nudity are allowed on public television for anyone to see. Children carry guns to school and fire them at one another.

Where is our civilization going to end up? I have often thought that I'd like to have been born in seemingly less dangerous times; maybe back with Jacob Cullison, one of my ancestors. Wouldn't it have great not to have had to lock your doors at night? Wouldn't it be nice to be able to walk down the street without thinking that someone could possibly open fire with a gun and you or someone you love could get hit?

But then I think of all the things I have that they didn't have. I enjoy the conveniences and how they make my life easier. I also am able to rise above my heritage. Let me explain. My family, as well as my wife's, has, for the most part, been dirt poor.

I can go to college and become more educated. I can get a "good job." I can get a "nice" house in the suburbs. I can spend time with my family (I don't have to be out in the fields from sun up to sun down). I can have leisure time and can go to the zoo, a movie, or a car show.

My ancestors didn't have many of these luxuries. If they were born poor, most likely they would always be poor themselves.

That's just the way it was. Children often had to quit high school, if they went at all, to help support the family and had no chance at all to continue their education.

I guess now, the way I'm thinking, I'd like to visit my ancestors in a time machine. I'd like to see where and how they actually lived. I'd like to talk with them and find out their views on politics, science, life, and religion.

In my lifetime I probably won't get to visit "my people." So, I guess the next best alternative is to find out any information I can about them. I will continue to add to my collection of stories and genealogy and get to know my ancestors better.

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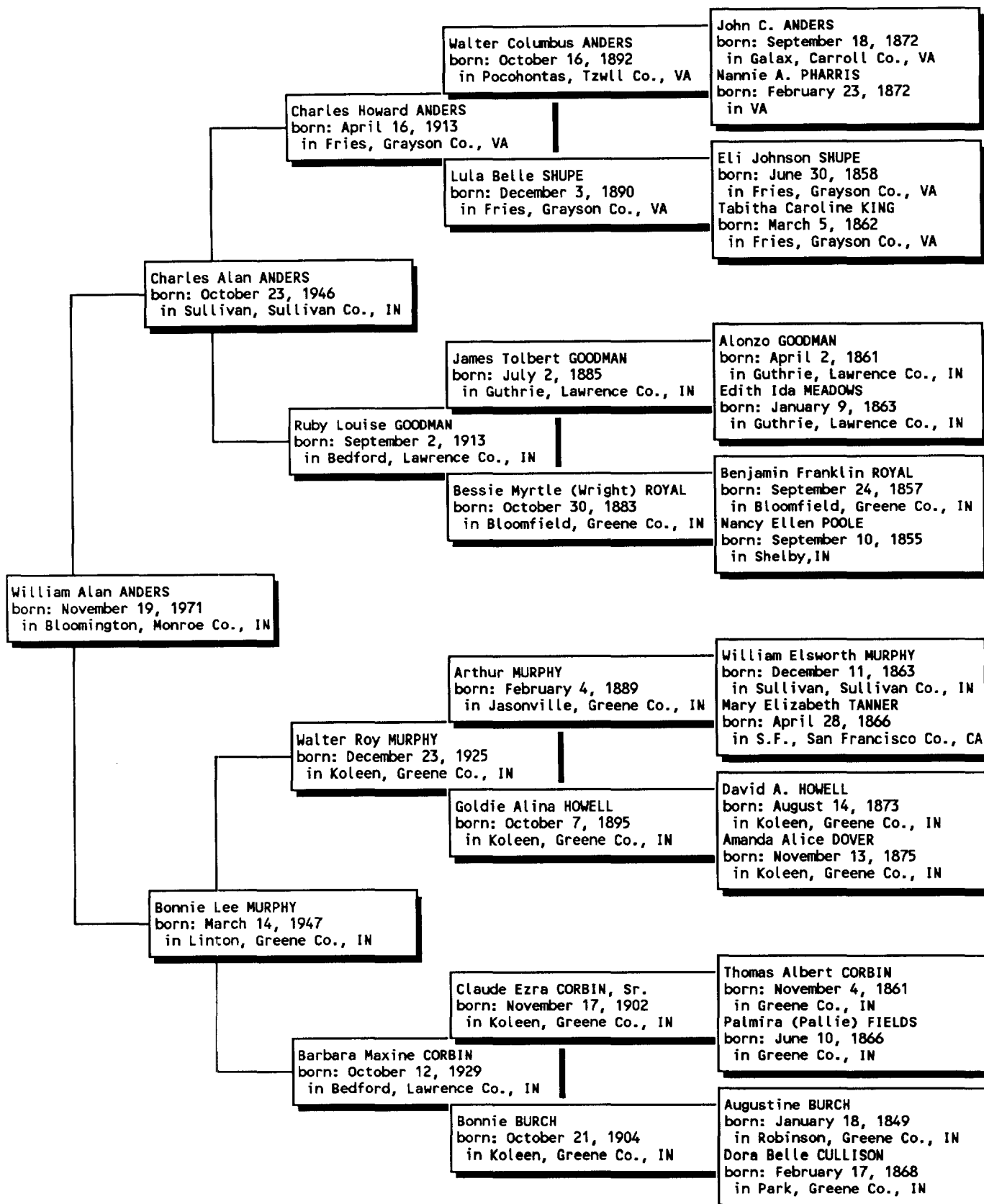
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My Family

Pedigree Charts



Thomas ANDERS
born: UNKNOWN

Osborne ANDERS
born: UNKNOWN

Lucinda HAMN
born: UNKNOWN

John C. ANDERS
born: September 18, 1872
in Galax, Carroll Co., VA

Rachel TAYLOR
born: UNKNOWN

Benjamin PHARRIS
born: 1847

Nannie A. PHARRIS
born: February 23, 1872
in VA

Lucy G.
born: 1844

John SHOOP
born: March 22, 1771
in Heidelberg, Lebanon Co., PA

Johan SCHUP
born: ABOUT 1743
in PA or Wythe Co., VA
Catharina SCHLIMP
born: ABOUT 1745
in Wythe Co., VA

John SHOOP
born: April 19, 1794
in Grayson Co., VA

Louisa FARGUESON
born: 1770
in Grayson Co., VA

Benjamin SHOOP
born: January 25, 1826
in Knob Fork, Grayson Co., VA

Lucy WRIGHT
born: ABOUT 1800
in Grayson Co., Va

Eli Johnson SHUPE
born: June 30, 1858
in Fries, Grayson Co., VA

J. SWINNEY
born: UNKNOWN

Elizabeth Mahale SWINNEY
born: 1820
in Knobfork, Grayson Co., VA

Betty
born: UNKNOWN

John SHUPE
born: ABOUT 1694

Henry SHUPE
born: ABOUT 1720
in Heidelberg, Lebanon Co., PA

Mrs. John SHUPE
born: ABOUT 1694

Johan SCHUP
born: ABOUT 1743
in Heidelberg, Lebanon Co., PA or Wythe Co., VA

Catherine FINGER
born: ABOUT 1722

Frederick SLIMP
born: UNKNOWN

Catharina or Anna Catherine SLIMP or SCHLIMP
born: ABOUT 1745
in Wythe Co., VA

Mary METZ
born: UNKNOWN

Austin KING
born: UNKNOWN

Tabitha Caroline KING
born: March 5, 1862
in Fries, Grayson Co., VA

Bobbie VAUGHN
born: UNKNOWN

Cynthia VAUGHN
born: UNKNOWN

Mrs. VAUGHN
born: UNKNOWN

Jacob GOODMAN
born: May 2, 1762
in NC

Jacob (Joab) G. GOODMAN
born: May 2, 1782
in NC

Mrs. GOODMAN
born: ABOUT 1762

Charles Bletcher GOODMAN
born: ABOUT 1820
in Barren Co., KY

Charles RUNNELS (REYNOLDS)
born: 1768
in Jefferson Co., KY

Sarah (Sally) REYNOLDS
born: ABOUT 1795
in Jefferson Co., KY

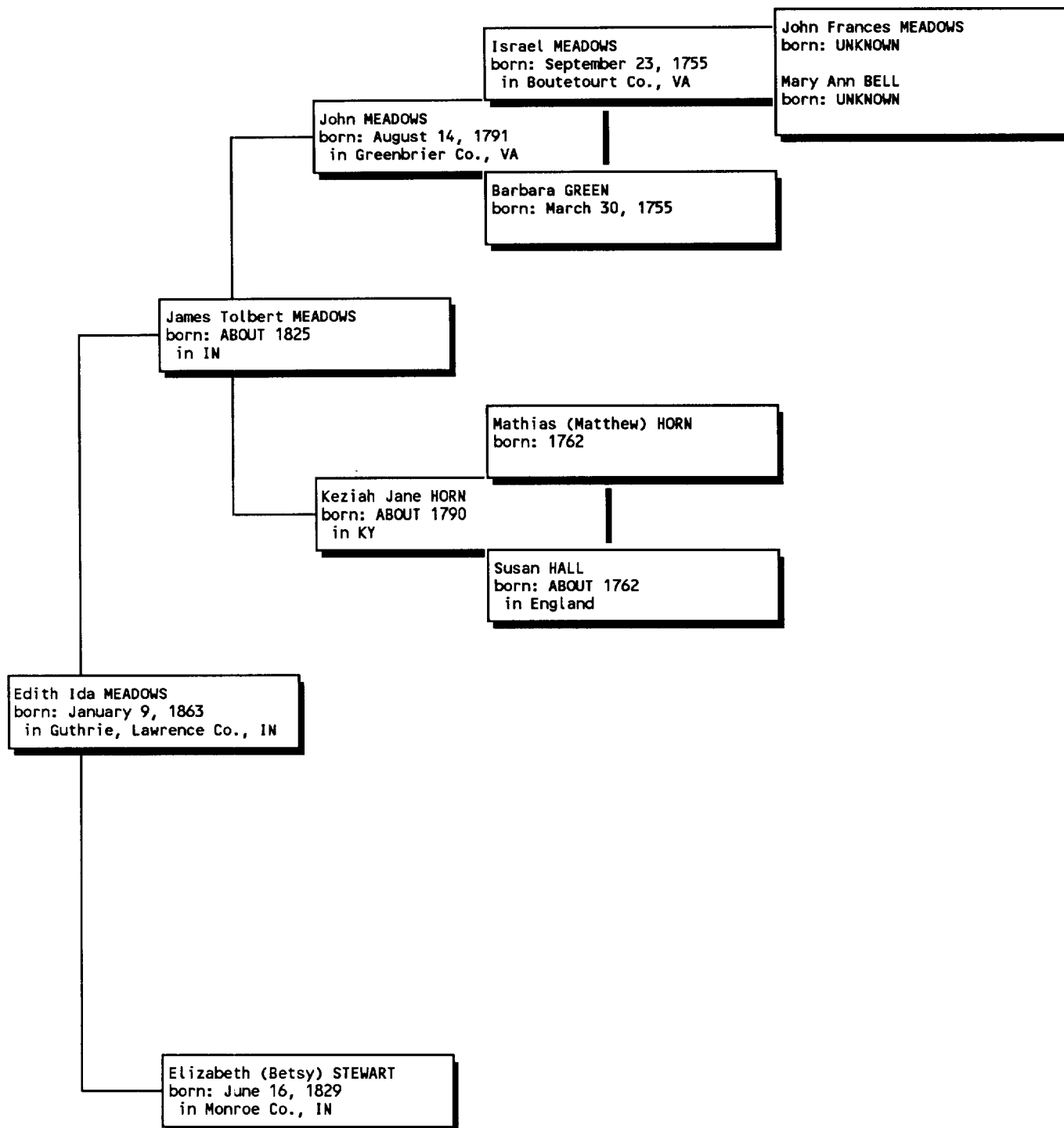
Margaret
born: ABOUT 1768
in Jefferson Co., KY

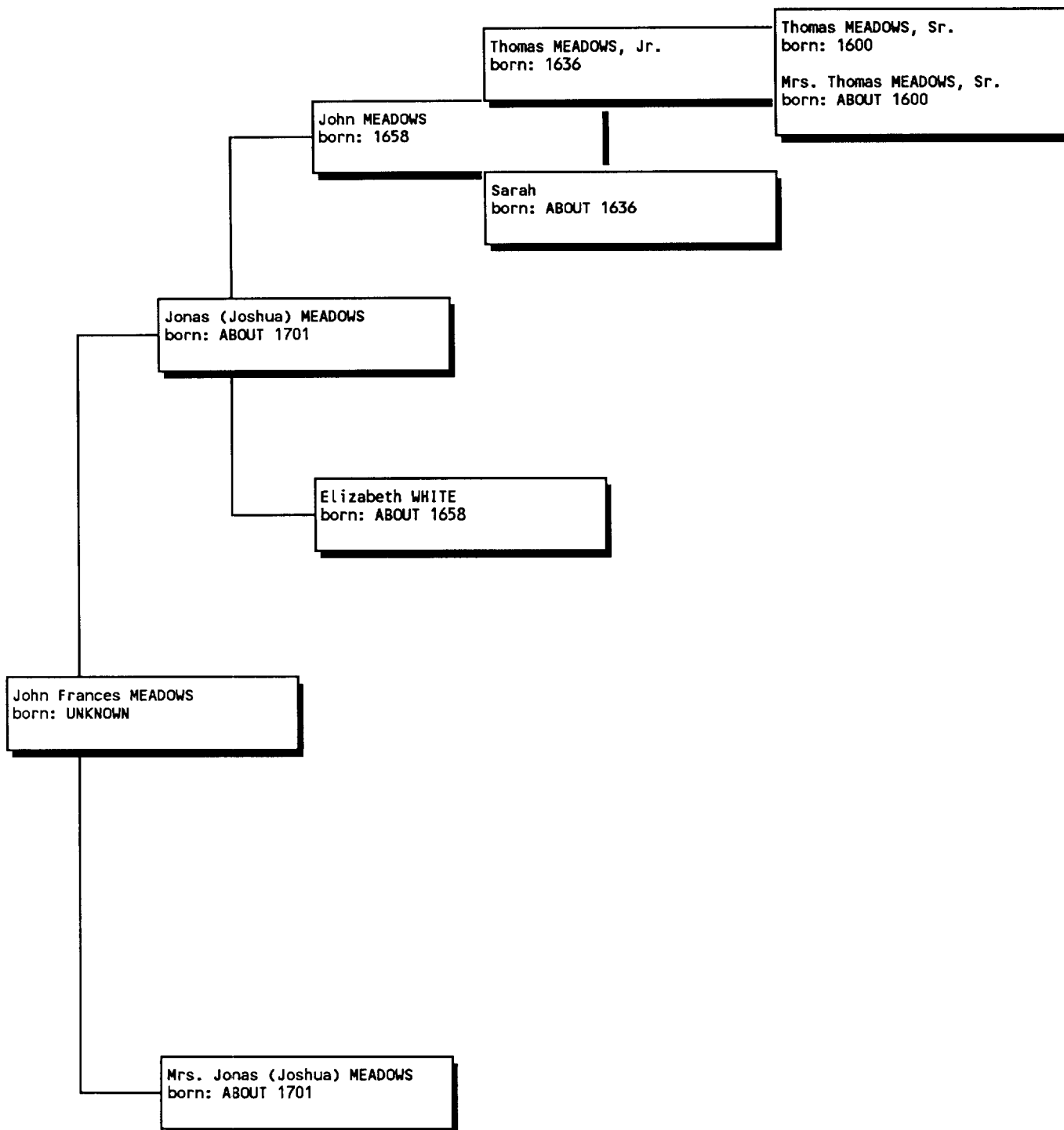
Alonzo GOODMAN
born: April 2, 1861
in Guthrie, Lawrence Co., IN

William PERKINS
born: 1794
in KY

Lurania PERKINS
born: December 21, 1823
in Bedford, Lawrence Co., IN

Sarah
born: 1809
in NC





Joseph ROYAL
born: ABOUT 1783
in Pa, France

John Edward ROYAL
born: February 11, 1808
in NC

Nancy HAYES
born: ABOUT 1776
in Granville, NC

Benjamin Franklin ROYAL
born: September 24, 1857
in Bloomfield, Greene Co., IN

Benjamin G. SEXTON
born: ABOUT 1796

Sarah Ann SEXTON
born: ABOUT 1822
in KY

Polly STREETS
born: ABOUT 1800

Andrew POOLE
born: ABOUT 1792

Andrew Jackson POOLE
born: 1818
in KY or Sciota Co., OH

Elizabeth RICKETTS
born: ABOUT 1796

Nancy Ellen POOLE
born: September 10, 1855
in Shelby, IN

George W. VEST, Sr.
born: March 1760
in Pittslyvaina Co., VA

William VEST
born: ABOUT 1734

Sally
born: ABOUT 1738

George W. VEST, Jr.
born: ABOUT 1789
in VA

Mrs. George W. VEST, Sr.
born: ABOUT 1760

Aletha Ann VEST
born: 1823
in Boone Co., KY

William EMMETT
born: ABOUT 1765

Elinore (or Elinder) EMMETT
born: ABOUT 1791
in Boone Co., KY

Mrs. William EMMETT
born: ABOUT 1773

William H. MURPHY
born: June 21, 1835
in Seymour, Jackson Co., IN

William Elsworth MURPHY
born: December 11, 1863
in Sullivan, Sullivan Co., IN

William RAY
born: UNKNOWN

Elizabeth C. RAY
born: October 2, 1841
in KY

Mrs. William RAY
born: UNKNOWN

Henry TANNER
born: 1810
in KY

William R. TANNER
born: September 2, 1837
in Ky

Mary A.
born: 1813
in KY

Mary Elizabeth TANNER
born: April 28, 1866
in San Francisco, San Francisco Co., CA

Sarah E. MELVIN
born: February 21, 1845

John W. HOWELL
born: UNKNOWN

David A. HOWELL
born: August 14, 1873
in Koleen, Greene Co., IN

Mary Ann FLYNN
born: UNKNOWN

Joshua DOVER
born: 1795

Joseph DOVER
born: May 9, 1835
in Koleen, Greene Co., IN

Nancy MC FARLIN
born: ABOUT 1795

Amanda Alice DOVER
born: November 13, 1875
in Koleen, Greene Co., IN

Mary Jane MC COY
born: UNKNOWN

James CORBIN
born: November 13, 1793
in VA

George Washington CORBIN
born: 1835
in Lawrence Co., IN

Randall BIVINS
born: UNKNOWN

Sarah Hannah BIVINS
born: October 1, 1796
in Clark Co., KY

Mrs. Randall BIVINS
born: UNKNOWN

Thomas Albert CORBIN
born: November 4, 1861
in Greene Co., IN

Mordica HATFIELD
born: UNKNOWN

Nancy HATFIELD
born: November 6, 1836
in Greene Co., IN

Millie RICHARDSON
born: UNKNOWN

Stephen FIELDS
born: 1771
in VA

Isiah FIELDS
born: June 12, 1805
in Pulaski Co., KY

Sarah SHORT
born: 1782
in VA

John SHORT
born: February 15, 1756
in Shenandoah, VA
Mary HANSFORD
born: January 13, 1758

John Kelsie FIELDS
born: October 12, 1835
in Martin Co., IN

Thomas LOVEALL
born: UNKNOWN

Mary LOVEALL
born: May 22, 1809
in Pulaski Co., KY

Mrs. LOVEALL
born: UNKNOWN

Palmira (Pallie) FIELDS
born: June 10, 1866
in Greene Co., IN

Henry Harrison MILLER
born: ABOUT 1806

Sarah Jane MILLER
born: December 18, 1832
in IN

Martha (Matilda) DUNNIVAN
born: ABOUT 1810

William BURCH, Sr.
born: ABOUT 1734

Charles BURCH
born: March 10, 1783
in Stokes Co., NC

Mary A. MARTINDALE
born: ABOUT 1746

Benjiman BURCH
born: May 31, 1823
in Stokes Co., NC

John SOUTHERN
born: ABOUT 1756

Elizabeth SUTHERLAND or SOUTHERN
born: 1782
in Surry Co., NC

Mrs. John SOUTHERN
born: ABOUT 1756

Augustine BURCH
born: January 18, 1849
in Robinson, Greene Co., IN

Alexander JOHNSON
born: 1803
in Stokes Co., NC

Mariam Mahala JOHNSON
born: October 8, 1825
in Surry Co., NC

Laughlin FLYNN
born: UNKNOWN

Mary (Polly) FLYNN
born: 1804
in NC

Mrs. FLYNN
born: UNKNOWN

James T. CULLISON
born: October 14, 1814
in MD

Jacob CULLISON
born: September 25, 1837
in Coshocton Co. or Mushingum Co., OH

Henry MILLER
born: ABOUT 1789
in MI

Matilda MILLER
born: March 4, 1815
in Coshocton Co., OH

Mrs. MILLER
born: UNKNOWN

Dora Belle CULLISON
born: February 17, 1868
in Park, Greene Co., IN

Justice FEARNOT
born: 1800
in Hanover, Germany

Mary FEARNOT
born: October 10, 1840
in Coshocton Co., OH

Caroline BOTTRAM
born: 1801
in Hanover, Germany

FAMILY GROUP RECORDS

FAMILY GROUP SHEET

November 3, 1992

Page 1

Husband: Charles Alan ANDERS

Born: October 23, 1946	Place: Sullivan, Sullivan Co., IN	Event 3:
Married: May 20, 1965	Place: Cave-In-Rock, IL	Event 4:
Died:	Place:	Event 5:
Event 1:	Place:	Event 6:
Event 2:	Place:	
Father: Charles Howard ANDERS		
Mother: Ruby Louise GOODMAN		
Other Wives:		

Wife: Bonnie Lee MURPHY

Born: March 14, 1947	Place: Linton, Greene Co., IN	Event 3:
Died:	Place:	Event 4:
Event 1:	Place:	Event 5:
Event 2:	Place:	
Father: Walter Roy MURPHY		
Mother: Barbara Maxine CORBIN		
Other Husbands:		

Sex Children List each child (living or dead)
M/F in order of birth

1. Name: David Alan ANDERS	Spouse: Debra Ann HARVY
— Born: October 22, 1967	Place: Linton, Greene Co. IN
M Married: November 17, 1990	Place: Chicago, IL
Died:	Place:
	Event 3:
	Event 4:
	Event 5:

2. Name: William Alan ANDERS	Spouse: Rhonda Kay STENGER
— Born: November 19, 1971	Place: Bloomington, Monroe Co., IN
M Married: December 27, 1991	Place: Chicago, IL
Died:	Place:
	Event 3:
	Event 4:
	Event 5:

3. Name:	Spouse:
— Born:	Place:
Married:	Place:
Died:	Place:
	Event 3:
	Event 4:
	Event 5:

4. Name:	Spouse:
— Born:	Place:
Married:	Place:
Died:	Place:
	Event 3:
	Event 4:
	Event 5:

5. Name:	Spouse:
— Born:	Place:
Married:	Place:
Died:	Place:
	Event 3:
	Event 4:
	Event 5:

Prepared by:

William A. Anders

2201 W. Bethel Apt. 70

Muncie, IN 47304

Phone: (317) 282-4882

FAMILY GROUP SHEET

November 3, 1992

Page 1

Husband: Charles Howard ANDERS

Born: April 16, 1913 Place: Fries, Grayson Co., VA Event 3:
 Married: May 17, 1934 Place: Bloomfield, Green Co., IN Event 4:
 Died: October 4, 1985 Place: Dugger, Sullivan Co., IN Event 5:
 Event 1: Place: Event 6:
 Event 2: Place:
 Father: Walter Columbus ANDERS
 Mother: Lula Belle SHUPE
 Other Wives:

Wife: Ruby Louise GOODMAN

Born: September 2, 1913 Place: Bedford, Lawrence Co., IN Event 3:
 Died: April 30, 1982 Place: Sullivan, Sullivan Co., IN Event 4:
 Event 1: Place: Event 5:
 Event 2: Place:
 Father: James Tolbert GOODMAN
 Mother: Bessie Myrtle (Wright) ROYAL
 Other Husbands:

Sex Children List each child (living or dead)
 M/F in order of birth

1. Name: Shirley Kathleen ANDERS Spouse: William Edward GATES
 — Born: July 16, 1935 Place: Dugger, Sullivan Co., IN Event 3:
 F Married: January 31, 1959 Place: Toledo, Lucas Co., OH Event 4:
 Died: Place: Event 5:

2. Name: Joyce Ann ANDERS Spouse: Bela Mihaly ANDRASSY
 — Born: February 10, 1938 Place: Carlisle, Sullivan Co., IN Event 3:
 F Married: December 4, 1964 Place: Event 4:
 Died: Place: Event 5:

3. Name: Charles Alan ANDERS Spouse: Bonnie Lee MURPHY
 — Born: October 23, 1946 Place: Sullivan, Sullivan Co., IN Event 3:
 M Married: May 20, 1965 Place: Cave-In-Rock, IL Event 4:
 Died: Place: Event 5:

4. Name: Spouse:
 — Born: Place: Event 3:
 Married: Place: Event 4:
 Died: Place: Event 5:

5. Name: Spouse:
 — Born: Place: Event 3:
 Married: Place: Event 4:
 Died: Place: Event 5:

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